

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

MISSOURI FLOOD OF 1844.

Surprising Conditions Recalled by the Recent Rising of the Brazos River.

The flood of the Brazos river in Texas was without precedent for that locality. It still puzzles the government meteorologists, and they can only account for it by most unusual conditions of rainfall. The fact is interesting to recall that a similar surprise occurred in the Missouri valley over half a century ago. As "the great flood of 1844," it has a place in the local history. From the earliest Indian traditions to the present time that stands as the greatest flood of the lower Missouri. There had been nothing to compare with it before. There has been nothing like it since. In the records of the government weather service these data about the flood of 1844 are preserved:

"The stage reached on the present scale of river measurements was 37 feet on June 20 at Kansas City, 16 feet above the danger line. At Booneville the river reached 33.6 feet 2 1/2 days later, which was 13.6 feet above the danger line at that place. The flood was caused by the coincidence of unusually heavy and protracted rains, with what is known as the 'June rise,' the melted snows from headwaters. It is said that about the middle of April the rains began to fall in brief showers nearly every other day. After a few weeks it began to rain every day. It poured down for days and weeks, almost without cessation. The river was rising quite rapidly, but no danger was anticipated, for the oldest settler had never seen a general and destructive overflow, and did not know that such a thing could occur. The river continued to rise, however, at the rate of 12 to 18 inches a day, until June 5, when it went over its banks, and the situation became alarming. The channel was full of driftwood; occasionally a log house floated down, with chickens and turkeys on the roof. In several instances men, women and children were seen on the tops of houses floating hither and thither, and turned and twisted about by heavy logs and jams, but the people were rescued by parties in skiffs. "On June 20 the water had reached its highest point, and the next day began to fall, but the damage done seemed absolute and the ruin complete. The flood extended from bluff to bluff, generally two miles. There was not an acre of dry land in the river bottoms from Kansas City to the mouth of the river. The rains subsided, and the river fell rapidly. A few persons moved back to their farms in what was then a very sparsely settled region, and although it was impossible to do any farming until the latter part of July, it is reliably reported that enough corn was raised that season for the people in many places to subsist on."

"Where Kansas City now stands the flood was about three miles wide. In what is now known as the packing-house and wholesale district, where the Union depot stands and all the switching grounds are located, the water was about ten feet deep. The flood extended over the present site of Armourdale and Argentine, in Kansas, near the mouth of the Kaw, but there were few settlements at the junction of the Missouri and the Kaw in those days. A deplorable consequence of the great flood was the season of sickness which followed and the high rate of mortality. It is said that it was impossible to find a well person on account of the miasma resulting from the decaying animal and vegetable matter. Chills and fever prevailed in their most malignant form, followed in the winter by spinal meningitis, then called 'head disease,' which proved very fatal. An important fact connected with this flood was that steamboats going up the river found it as low as usual above St. Joseph, Mo. All the tributaries of the Missouri, in the state of Missouri, are believed to have overflowed their banks in 1844 very extensively, although in that year there was scarcely anything to damage along the streams in the way of personal property."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pat Expressions of Reporters.
"The trained reporters of every large city," said an old member of the fraternity, "invariably write on certain private estimates of public personages that are sometimes curiously at variance with accepted tradition, but are often pitilessly accurate. They are made by men who have very few illusions and never mentioned except in some fore-gatherings of the craft, when they are apt to be tossed off with a nonchalance that would startle an outsider. 'He's a solemn old chump,' 'That man is totally unreliable—he's told me five or six deliberate lies.' 'He's crazy for notoriety—do anything to get his name in print,' are a few sample summings-up of people who are regarded with veneration by their fellows. As a rule, such comments are as free from rancor as a proposition in geometry. They are made in a line of cold-drawn business, to determine the value of a statement or the advisability of securing corroboration."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Ventilation.
"It really is a wonder that some people do not die of suffocation, even though their rooms are large," said a woman who was taking in long whiffs of outdoor air. "I have just been calling at a house that is well furnished, and inhabited by a family that seem to lack nothing except a knowledge of ventilation, and there they are worse than paupers. Really, I don't believe the windows in that house have been opened in a year. The inmates seem to thrive and grow fat and good-natured, but I can't understand it."—Detroit Free Press.

LOVE IN LOVE.

I came on Love all unaware;
He sat beside a brook,
And peered into the limpid wave
With navel look.

His little bow was thrown aside,
His golden arrows keen
Around him made a circle bright
Upon the green.

Pale were his cheeks, and from his eyes
The tears were like to rain,
And round about his dimpled mouth
A trace of pain.

A tremble were his red, red lips,
And "Woe is me" he sighed;
They never think that Love would choose
Himself a bride.

"They think forever he must give
All youths and maidens sweet,
Becoming mate, and round with joy
Their lives complete.

"Alas! these mortal maids are fair;
Alas! and woe is me;
I would I were a simple swain
In Arcady."

He ended, pouting rosy,
Then all his arrows took
And threw them at his counterfeit
Within the brook.

Upstarting then, he ran away,
And said: "Now I am free,
And I will wed the sweetheart maid
In Arcady."

"And I will dwell in a cot
With her I love so true,
With honeysuckle round the door,
And violets blue.

"And she shall never know that I
Was other than a swain
Whose only care was his small fields
Of vine and grain.

"For her I'll clip my snowy wings
And lay them at her feet,
And say: 'These trophies of the chase
I give thee, sweet.

"And were they mine, and could I fly,
I'd clip them, dear, for thee,
To dwell forever at thy side
In Arcady."

—Chicago Daily Record.



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CHAPTER II.

RUIN.

I started at the man's words, and my rage and despair may be imagined when I saw that he proposed to bind me, a noble, like any thief! From this I hoped to escape by bringing on death, and, on a sudden, hit the guard next to me on the face, with all my force. Down he went like an ox, and I made a rush to the tent door, little doubting that I should be cut down, and put out of my misery. But they were too quick. I was one, and they were many. In a hand turn I was trapped up, my wrists securely fastened behind my back, and any further resistance on my part impossible. The man whom I felled scrambled up and attempted to brain me with the butt of his spike as I went down; but Braccio struck him senseless with the hilt of his sword, and this time he lay in a huddled heap, quiet enough.

I brought Braccio to give me my parole, swearing on the faith of a gentleman, on the honor of a Savelli, that I would not attempt escape, and would go with him quietly, if I were but free from the ignominy of the cords that bound me.

"Shut the cage door, keep your bird," he laughed brutally. "I have to answer for you to-morrow, and I weigh the faith of a gentleman, and the honor—God save the mark—of a Savelli, as that," he snapped his fingers, "when it comes to a consideration of Braccio Fortebraccio's head. So your knighthood must even go as you are, with my love-knots on you. Here, two of you, take charge of this tent, and see after Arnould there—I never thought his skull so thin—march!"

And in this manner I led out, two men in front of me, two behind, one on either hand, all with their weapons ready, whilst the provost himself brought up the rear, with his drawn sword in one hand and a lighted torch in the other. Not that light was needed, for the moon had risen, and was in its full. I believe, however, that Braccio held the torch, so that the additional light might the more clearly show who his prisoner was, and I hung down my head as, with quick steps, we marched to the military prison.

"Qui vive la," the challenge rang out crisply, and on the instant the provost replied: "France and Tremouille."

"Pass on," and the sentry, one of Braccio's arquebusers, looked at us curiously as we went by. And now, to add to my shame, we met, face to face, a group of late revelers returning to the camp.

"Hallo!" called out a gay voice, "our respectable provost is at work! See. What have you got there, Braccio?"

I shuddered, for I recognized Bellegarde, a young noble of the Franche Comte, who had come to seek glory in the Italian war. "Close up, men—another of my strayed lambs brought back to the fold, Visconte—pardon me—it is late, and I must hurry on."

But Bellegarde was merry with wine. "Not till you have drunk our health," he laughed, barring the way with his drawn rapier, as he added: "Lowenthal here has a skin of wine from the Rhineland, have a pull at it, man, and let us see the prisoner."

"Blitzen! Der brisoner first, he will hang before der herr provost," and the half-drunk Lowenthal thrust his wine skin toward me.

"Gentlemen—gentlemen! have you a care! See here, Visconte," and Braccio whispered to Bellegarde.

"My God!" said the latter; and then, hastily: "Come on, Lowenthal! Let them go."

"Let der brisoner drink. Would you de-bite a boor man of his liquor?" replied Lowenthal, and to hide my face, I seized the skin, and raised it to my lips. Even Braccio held the torch away, and Von Lowenthal failed to recognize me in the half-light. My throat was red-hot with thirst, and as I was with shame, I drank greedily, and banded the wine skin to the German.

"Blitzen!" he said, giving it a shake, "you drink like an honest man. Now, herr provost, a health to Germany, in honest German wine. What! No! Then drink to der halter, man, and Lowenthal will knight you," swaying to and fro, he attempted to draw his sword.

Matters were at a crisis, for Braccio was to be trifled with any longer. At this juncture, Bellegarde and the others with him again intervened, and dragged Von Lowenthal away. The provost instantly pressed forward with a hurried good-night. We did not go so fast, however, as not to

perceive, from the noises behind us, that the Landknecht had subsided to earth, and was apparently abandoned there, with his wine skin, by his companions. The sound of his voice, engaged in a drunken monologue, reached us.

"Der rascal Braccio, der knight of der noose and halter. I will gif him der accolade. I—" But we lost the rest as we hurried on, the guards smiling to themselves, and Braccio very ill-tempered.

In a few paces we passed D'Alegre's headquarters, and through an open window I saw half a dozen of my late companions playing at dice, and heard Hawke's bass calling the mains. A few steps more brought us to our point, a fortified wing of the Villa Arcotti itself, and Braccio, thrusting me into a strong room, turned the key of the door, and with a gruff order, which I did not catch, walked away. Now, indeed, was I in a distressed state, and the agony of my mind so great, that I heeded not the pain of the cords, but raved up and down like a caged animal. I fully realized that I was the victim of a deeply laid plot on the part of D'Entragues, and saw clearly that I was completely in his hands. It was a stroke of genius on his part not to interfere in any way to save his creature, the wretched Tarbes. That hasty order of D'Alegre had removed the only danger of his scheme being laid bare. I tried to think out some plan of action; but to no purpose, for my mind was altogether confused and bewildered.

The room in which I was confined was bare of all furniture, not even a camp stool. There was one window, and that, iron-grated, was set high up, near the ceiling. The moon light struggled through the grating in long white ribbons, and dimly showed up the walls around me. Hour after hour passed away. I could hear the occasional barking of dogs, the distant cries of the sentinels as they called to one another, and the sound of the guard being relieved at my door.

Then the moon sank and the morning came. From sheer weariness I threw myself on the floor, and fell into a troubled sleep, from which I was aroused by the cords biting into my flesh. This, and the constrained position in which my arms were held, gave me torture. I attempted by shouting to attract the attention of the sentinel over me; but though I heard the clod tramping up and down, I received no answer.

At about noon Braccio entered the cell. He informed me that my affair was to be dealt with by the duke in person, and that I should make ready to go with him. I replied that I was prepared to go at once, and without more ado was escorted to the main building of the villa. I could see that a considerable crowd was collected, and from the litters and riding horses that were being led to and fro, perceived that some ladies had heard the news, and were come to gratify their curiosity at my expense, and see such trials as I was to undergo. I was led into the great hall, which was full of people, and in the gallery above the dais saw, amongst other ladies, the Duchess de la Tremouille, and by her side Mme. d'Entragues. The latter kept her eyes down, and fanned herself with a fan of peacock feathers, which, even at that moment, I was able to recognize as my gift. On the dais was a table with seats set about it, which were as yet empty.

At the step of the dais stood D'Entragues, and beside him a small man clothed in a sand-colored mantle, with a keen, cleanly-shaven face, and watchful eyes. He held in his hand a small packet, and surveyed me with no little interest. D'Entragues did not meet my look, and his hand-gauche was turned towards the doorway immediately opposite to him. In a moment or so the door was opened, and the duke entered, talking earnestly with a cavalier of a most gracious and distinguished presence. Tremouille himself was a small, slightly-built man, but featured in no way remarkable; but, deemed in some part by the alert intelligence of his glance. In early life he had met with an accident which left him lame ever after.

Yet he was a good horseman and of a constitution that nothing could tire. As for his companion, his face was then strange to me; but in after times when I was admitted to his intimacy and honored with his friendship, I came to know him as great beyond all men; and this I do not say in gratitude for the debt I owe him; but simply to add my humble testimony to that of others, his companions in arms, and equals in station, who with one consent allow him to be the glory of his age, and of his country. Immediately behind Tremouille came D'Alegre and Trevulzio, who had raised himself to his present high position, and was a most capable soldier. These four took their seats at the table, and the numerous and brilliant staff of officers who accompanied them ranged themselves behind. From the manner in which the stranger took his seat, I gathered, and I was not mistaken, that he was there as one of my judges, and for the moment I wondered who he was. That he was of the highest rank was clear from his aspect and bearing, and from the fact that he wore round his neck the collar of the Holy Ghost. The proceedings of this public court-martial began at once. It is needless to set them down in detail. D'Entragues stated his case, D'Alegre briefly set forth the action taken by him, and Visconti and Hawke testified to having found their property in my possession, under the circumstances already explained. I will do the justice to say that they did so with evident and genuine reluctance. Tremouille, who had doubts heard all this before, listened patiently to the end, and then asked me what I had to say. What could I say? I looked at faces around me and saw no sympathy. I looked up at the gallery where the ladies sat, and caught a whisper: "I do not care—I know it is false; he is not guilty."

The words gave me courage. The charge was false. Then I found tongue. I asked if it were possible that I, a noble, whose career had hitherto been blameless, could have suddenly become so vile as to sink to common theft? I pointed out my long years of service, and called D'Alegre and Trevulzio, under whose banners I had served, to witness if they had ever known me sully my honor.

"It is known, M. di Savelli, that you are hard pushed for money," said Tremouille. I admitted the fact, and also admitted that at the time I stood there I owed money lost at play; but that the sum did not amount to more than 50 crowns, and there was twice that amount due to me from the military chest. I then went on to point out how unlikely it was that, even if I had stolen the jewels, I should have hoarded them up and not turned them into money, for which I allowed I was pressed, and wound up by saying I was the victim of a conspiracy, and that I was prepared to assert my honor, man to man, against D'Entragues, or any other who would take up his cause.

"What say you, my lord of Bayard?" said Tremouille, turned to the stranger who sat beside him. Even whilst waiting for his answer, and on the cross with anxiety as I was, I could not help looking with the greatest interest at the man. This then was the celebrated Pierre du Terrail, the noblest knight in Christendom. Vague rumors that he was to join the army of Tremouille, with a high command, had reached us, and I had merely looked upon them as rumors.

And now he had come, apparently suddenly, and without warning. I felt sure that he was brought war with him, but had no more time to think, for he answered: "A fair offer—M. d'Entragues can do no less than accept."

But Trevulzio then cut in, pointing out that practically the case was proved. That to allow me the ordeal by combat would upset all the course of military discipline, under which he thought the matter should be decided. Even if the ordeal of battle was allowed, and I won, it would not prove my innocence in the face of the damning evidence against me.

"If there is any shadow of doubt, your excellency," and D'Entragues advanced to the table, "this will clear it up. Messer Vieri, kindly hand that package to the duke."

The man whom he addressed, who was no other than the whom I had remarked, entering the justice room as D'Entragues' companion, stepped forward and placed the packet before Tremouille, who opened it amidst a dead silence.

"Messer Vieri, how did you obtain this?" asked Tremouille.

"The matter is simple, excellency," replied the banker, "but first may I ask if madame the duchess recognizes the trinket?"

The trinket was handed to the duchess, who said, in a low voice:

"It is mine; it was stolen from me a month ago—on the 7th of March."

"On the 8th of March a packet was delivered to me at my house of business by one Tarbes, calling himself servant to the Cavaliere di Savelli. He did not know the contents of the parcel; but it was sent to me for safe keeping by his master, so he said. I gave him a receipt for it. I myself did not know what the nature of the packet was until to-day; but hearing the charges preferred against the cavaliere, I opened the case and at once recognized madame's circlet, which I have the pleasure to restore."

"How did you come to hear these charges against the Cavaliere di Savelli?" asked Bayard.

"I was informed of them by the knight, Messer d'Entragues."

"That is to say, M. d'Entragues must have known that the jewels were pledged to you. Is this not so, M.?"

It was a straw of hope that floated to me, and I could scarcely breathe. D'Entragues, however, replied, boldly: "I was told of the matter by one Tarbes, a servant to M. di Savelli."

"You forget to add," I burst out, "that he was a creature of yours, whom I employed on your recommendation."

D'Entragues made no reply, and Bayard said: "M. d'Entragues appears to have usurped the functions of the provost and played catpaw. Could we not see this Tarbes?"

"Call Tarbes," said the duke. Braccio came forward and explained that he had been dealt with summarily, under the orders of the lieutenant general.

"Mine!" said D'Alegre in astonishment. "Yes, excellency, he was the prisoner whom your excellency ordered me to hang last night."

"A pity," remarked the duke, and Trevulzio, between whom and D'Alegre there was little love, smiled.

"I suppose you have nothing to say to this?" said Tremouille to me.

"I was not in the camp on the 7th."

"Where were you?"

But this question I could not answer, for I caught Mme. d'Entragues' eye imploring



me to silence. I looked back at the duke, and as I did so felt that Bayard had followed my glance, and that his eyes were resting on madame's face. He glanced down almost as soon as I did and turned to me, and there was a grave encouragement in his look from which I took heart. To me it was a great thing to show I was not at the camp on the 7th; and yet if I did so I would ruin a woman's name. It had been a harmless frolic, I swear this, as I know I will come to judgment before a higher tribunal than that of man; and yet had I spoken there would have been but one construction. I hated D'Entragues, too, and this would have struck at a vital part. For a second I hesitated, and looked up once more at madame. She was pale as death.

I looked at Bayard, and his glance seemed to penetrate my thoughts.

"I cannot say."

There was a sound of a gasping sigh, and a heavy fall. The peacock fan fluttered slowly down from the gallery to my feet, and lay there with its hundred eyes staring at me.

"This ruins you," exclaimed D'Alegre.

"Think again before you reply," said the duke; "I will give you time."

"I thank your excellency; but I have no further answer."

Tremouille shrugged his shoulders with a disappointed air, and dropped his chin between his clasped hands, his elbows resting on the table, a favorite position of his. Whilst he was thus considering, Bayard was whispering earnestly to Trevulzio, and the older soldier seemed to assent, and his hard face almost softened as he looked at me.

They then turned their gaze on D'Entragues, who, with a shake of his head, noted something briefly on a slip of paper, and passed it on to D'Alegre. The lieutenant general looked surprised; but after a moment nodded assent, and in his turn passed the paper on to the duke, saying: "I agree." Tremouille read the paper slowly, and then they consulted together in low tones.

And now, in a few brief words I heard my sentence, and it was carried out at once. Braccio himself lacked off my spurs, my sword was brought in and solemnly broken, and I was warned to leave the camp within an hour, on pain of being hanged as a thief. Such property as I had was declared confiscate, and the men of my condotta were to be enrolled, by force if necessary, under another banner. How I went through it all I do not know. I cannot say how I passed down that great hall with the eyes of all fixed on me, a disarmed man, an outcast and a leper. One thing, however, did hap-

pen. Whilst the sentence was being carried out, Tremouille sat apparently absorbed in thought. When the provost broke my sword he rose to leave the room, and as he passed D'Entragues the duke stopped.

"Monsieur," he said, "you have mistaken your vocation. His majesty does not desire his officers to be thief-hunters. For such talents as yours you will doubtless find room elsewhere, and I have to tell you that the king—my master—regrets he has no further need of your services."

When I left the door of the justice room I had to pass through the main courtyard, and run the gauntlet of open scorn and contempt, bestowed upon me by all assembled there. It was a great thing for them, for those whom the French call canaille—we have no such appropriate word in our own tongue—to see a noble dragged in the dust and covered with infamy. And they did not spare me, taunt and jeer passed from mouth to mouth. Some even would have gone so far as to strike at me, had not their officers prevented them.

"Ah, Croque-mort!" exclaimed an arquebuser, "you should hang," but the man stepped back a half pace at my look, and, gaining the outer gate, I pressed on, hardly knowing whether my steps led me. I soon found out I was going in the direction of Arezzo itself, and as that was as good as any other place for me at present, I made no alteration in my course; but anxious to get on as fast as possible, quickened my pace almost to a run, until I was tired out, and perforce compelled to go slower.

This happened when I had covered about a mile, and was beginning the ascent leading to the town; and here I heard behind me the clatter of horses' hoofs, and looking back beheld a party riding in my direction. I turned aside, and as that was as good as any other place for me at present, I made no alteration in my course; but anxious to get on as fast as possible, quickened my pace almost to a run, until I was tired out, and perforce compelled to go slower.

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Mme. de la Tremouille was in the best of humors, most probably at the recovery of her circlet, for she was laughing gaily as she said something; but they went by too rapidly for me to catch the words.

When I hastened from the scene of my condemnation, I had no other idea but of death, of self-destruction rather than life as it would be now to me; but I put aside all these thoughts, for I had to live for revenge. That would be my first object, and until it was achieved I would not rest. With this in my mind I gained the St. Clement gate of Arezzo, passing through without notice.

Snake Charming.

Tricks of the Hindoo Fakirs in Handling the Venomous Reptiles.

The exhibition of the East Indian fakirs, during which the deadly cobra is made to "dance" to the music of a flute, have created a popular impression that these creatures are extremely sensitive to the sound of music. Dr. J. C. Thompson says that demonstrations of this character are only tricks on the part of the clever Hindoo, and the cobra, instead of being in an amiable and fascinated condition as it waves its body to and fro, is really in a fit of intense anger. The trick is simple. Whenever the reptile is annoyed it has the habit of elevating the forward part of the body from the ground, spreading its neck or hood and glaring fiercely at the object of its anger. It is then watching for a chance to deliver a deadly blow, observing every movement of the object in front of it. If one moves, no matter how slightly, there is a corresponding nervous movement of the snake. When the Hindoo opens his snake baskets the cobras rise naturally to their position of attack. He commands them to dance, and at the same time begins a lively tune on the flute, swaying his body from side to side in time to the music. The excited cobras follow every motion of the supposed charmer. They are not dancing to the music, but intensely angered, are seeking to revenge themselves on their captor. The handling of giant boas and pythons, as seen in circuses, is still more simple. These huge snakes are usually lazy and sleepy, and the secret of handling them is to avoid anything like a nervous movement. If they are taken up gently, but without the slightest hesitation or fear, there is not the slightest danger of arousing their anger.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She Had Her Way.
"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."

"I guess not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car's crowded. There are people standing up."

"That's all right."

"I haven't time to argue the matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I've never paid for him yet, and I'm not going to begin now."

"You've got to begin some time. If you haven't had to put up far for him you're mighty lucky, or else you don't do much traveling."

"That's all right."

"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off."

"That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You ought to know what the rules of this road are, ma'am. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before. If you want a ticket for him you'd better ask that old gentleman down the aisle. He got on with him."

—Philadelphia Press.

Between Two Fires.
The young doctor and his friend, the drug clerk, were sitting at the club window, when a richly-dressed lady passed by.

"There goes the only woman I ever loved," remarked the young M. D.

"That so?" queried the other. "Then why don't you marry her?"

"Can't afford it," replied the doctor; "she is my best patient."—Chicago Daily News.

Good at Touching.
Jigson—Your friend Swankins talks with considerable feeling.

Nigson—Yes; and he generally touches his man.—Adams Freeman.

"Circumstances Alter Cases."

In cases of scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, nervousness, catarrh, rheumatism, eruptions, etc., the circumstances may be altered by purifying and enriching the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the great remedy for all ages and both sexes. Be sure to get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

NATION'S GREETING TO DEWEY.

Features of the Reception to the Manila Hero in Washington.

The central idea underlying the grand welcome to be given Admiral Dewey in Washington the first week in October is his national character. His arrival at the Capital will mark his real home-coming to the American people, where the officials of the government will participate, and the magnificently jeweled sword voted by Congress will be presented. To that end all arrangements will be of a simple but most dignified character. The welcome to the hero of Manila at the National Cap-

itol will probably occur on Monday, October 2, although the date will depend upon the length of the celebration in New York, which is still unsettled. The principal features of the reception in Washington, as planned by the citizens, with the cooperation of the President and Cabinet, will be two in number—the presentation of the sword voted by Congress and a night parade. A public reception at the White House will be followed by dinner to the Admiral by President McKinley. The sword will be presented by Secretary Long, at the east front of the Capitol, in the presence of Mr. McKinley and all the members of the Cabinet, late in the afternoon, while the parade, consisting of organizations of all kinds, will be accompanied by an illumination of the city on a scale of beauty never before witnessed in Washington.

The different features of the preparations are in the hands of a central body of citizens and eleven committees, embracing in all over a thousand people. Preparations for the celebration have been in hand for over a month.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and other railroads entering Washington have agreed upon cheap rates for the celebration, and the committee expects that there will be an outpouring of patriotic citizens almost equal to the inauguration of a President.

"Look up, lift up," was the motto on the badge worn by the pale young man. "We're dis!" asked the elevator boy. "Has us guys got a union?"—Indianapolis Journal.

SYRUPITOS

ACTS GENTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY

DISPELS COLDS, HEADACHES, OVERCOMES & FEVERS

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE—MADE BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLELY BY ALL DRUGGISTS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

PISO'S CURE FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION

THAT COUGH SYRUP, THROAT FOOD, AND TO CURE

CONSUMPTION